

Susietta, Tommynod and the Raging Lions.

By ALICE LOVETT CARSON.



UNCLE JERRY," said Toodles, climbing upon his knee with pencil and pad all ready, "please tell me another picture-story about Tommynod and Susietta."

"And who might they be, Pussy?" Uncle Jerry looked so innocent that Toodles would almost have believed he had forgotten all about the queer brother and sister but for the funny twinkle in his eyes.

"You naughty Uncle Jerry, to pretend you don't remember!" she cried, shaking him. "Now, just go right ahead with the story, sir!"

"Seems to me I do recall them," said Uncle Jerry, thoughtfully; "but after the adventure of the old witch and the fireless cooker, you know, Tommynod and Susietta lived happily ever—"

"No, no!" protested Toodles in alarm. "They lived happily until the lions ate up Susietta's green-gage per-serves, and I want to hear about that."

"What a memory you have, Toodles!" Uncle Jerry groaned. "Ahem! Let me see. As I was saying when you interrupted me, miss, the two children lived happily ever after until the lions ate up Susietta's plum preserves—"



"I thought it was green-gage per-serves," murmured Toodles.

"Excuse me, but I am the one who is telling this story, I believe!" Uncle Jerry looked so offended that Toodles immediately apologized: "P'raps it was plum per-serves, Uncle Jerry. How many lions were there?"

"Hundreds of them," said Uncle Jerry, cheerfully. "They infested the woods around the children's house, coming out at night to roar and carry on generally, until they became a regular nuisance. Susietta could no sleep for the noise, and Tommynod had to go out night after night with tin pans and sticks to shoo them away. Why, just to show you how bold those lions were, the children had to have their beds protected with the heaviest quality of cross-bar mosquito netting, for fear the lions might get in and attack them while they slept!"

Toodles shuddered.

"Sometimes the lions came by day and ate the cranberries off the vines and the potatoes off the bushes—"

"Potato bushes?" Toodles asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, and they trampled down the oyster-beds Susietta had planted and broke some of Tommynod's finest cabbage-trees."

Toodles hid her face on Uncle Jerry's shoulder to choke a giggle.

"You may well ask," continued her uncle, frowning, "why Tommynod did not shoot these varmints. Night after night he tried, but the lions seemed to smell the gun and he never could get near enough for a shot. At last, however, by firing into the air and banging on his pans, he succeeded in scaring them so

badly that they all disappeared from the neighborhood."

"All?" cried the disappointed Toodles. "Yes, all, though only temporarily, as it later appeared. But the children thought them gone for good. Susietta could sleep now, and after a week of sweet repose she was so pleased that she told Tommynod she would make him some of her famous quince preserves that he was so fond of—"

"I thought you said plum per-serves," whispered Toodles, adding hastily, as Uncle Jerry scowled, "Did she make them on the cooker?"

"The cooker was out of order just then. One of the lions had chewed a corner off in his efforts to get at a lemon-meringue pie that was baking in it. But Susietta, who you know always kept up to date in her housekeeping methods, often used paper bags for all sorts of roasting and baking. So she determined to try them for preserving, too."

Toodles looked thoughtful. She did not exactly understand, but, no doubt, the story would explain.

"So the brother and sister decided, for a lark, to camp out in the woods for the day and make their preserves there. You see, the lions had kept them indoors for a considerable time. So they started, one fine morning, in high spirits, Tommynod trundling the wheelbarrow, on which Susietta had packed half a barrel of sugar, a basket of quinces, twelve dozen fruit-jars with rubber rings, a tin baking-oven and her brother's shot-gun—just in case of need, you see. Susietta herself carried the paper bags, a sharp knife and a mixing-spoon. Here you behold the procession! Observe their joyous faces."

Toodles observed. "Is that a lion watching—that thing behind the tree?"

"Hush!" admonished her uncle. "It is. It was, though they suspected it not. When they had reached a cleared space in the woods Tommynod balanced the tin oven on two flat stones and kindled a fire under it, using safety matches, which, you remember, were the only kinds Susietta allowed him to carry. And while the oven



was getting hot the two fell to work cutting up the plums and putting the pieces into the cookery-bags, with plenty of sugar, for Tommynod had a very sweet tooth. Five or six bags were thus filled and sealed, and Tommynod put them into the oven; in that way the juice would soon cook down."

"But wouldn't the bags burn or tear and spoil all the nice per-serve?" Toodles asked, anxiously.

"No, for the best quality of cookery-bags—and you may be sure that was the

kind Susietta used—never burns or tears. Besides, she was such a splendid cook she could have boiled eggs on a gridiron, if necessary, without scorching them."

Toodles was properly impressed. "While the green-gage preserves were cooking," went on Uncle Jerry, "Susietta and Tommynod talked happily, planning for the time when Tommynod was to be a famous chef and Susietta the head of a Domestic Cookery Academy. Soon most de-luscious smells began to come from the oven, and Susietta drew forth two of the paper bags to examine their contents. Suddenly a terrible roaring was heard, and seventeen lions—"

"Oh!"

"—pounced upon them out of the woods where they had been watching unseen. Lured by the smell of the quince preserves, they had become frantic with hunger, and—forgetting Tommynod's terrifying gun—they advanced boldly."

"Susietta was too strong-minded to scream. With the two paper bags clutched tightly in her hands, she climbed the nearest tree."

"How could she, Uncle Jerry?"

"One in each hand, Toodles; she was a very clever young woman. Tommynod ran for his gun and climbed another tree, while the lions were sniffing at the oven. The younger ones upset the wheelbarrow, broke the barrel and ate the sugar, smashed the glass jars, chewed up the rubber rings and tore to pieces many of the paper bags. Now and then one would sniff hungrily at the oven, but the heat made them draw back. At last the boldest lion stuck his head in, seized a mouthful of hot green-gage and promptly jerked back, upsetting the oven and scattering the fire. He was terribly burned and dashed around like



mad, emitting fearful roars and lashing his tail, until the others, which had been at first surprised, began to roar in sympathy. At last the scalded lion dashed at Tommynod's tree, pawing the earth and trying to climb up to where the boy was."

"Horrors!"

"Shoot!" screamed Susietta, but Tommynod did not seem to hear. The rage of the scalded lion and the howls of the others seemed to paralyze him. Susietta's hands were blistered from holding the boiling-hot bags, so in desperation she leaned from her tree and hurled them, one after the other, at the frantic beast. The bursting paper sent the hot juice straight into the lion's eyes, and with a howl of pain and fear he turned tail and fled, while the rest followed, with roars of terror and dismay. Then Tommynod banged away with his gun. One shot only, but it bowled over the last of the fleeing lions!

"Tommynod scrambled from his tree and ran to help his sister down. 'Sis, you are a crack shot!' he cried admiringly."

"But why didn't you shoot before?" asked Susietta.

"Because," he said, "I found I had only one shot in the gun, and I wanted to make that one tell. I waited, believing that some time all those lions would range themselves in a row, shoulder to shoulder, and then with one shot I could kill them all."

"Ho! Ho! What a stupid boy!" laughed Toodles. "I think he really was too scared to shoot."

"Susietta did not think so. She embraced him warmly, amazed at his cleverness. 'I'm sorry I did not wait, too, Tommynod,' she said, 'but the bags were too hot to hold, and it just made me mad to see all that good plum preserve spoiled by a pack of lions!'"

"Never mind, sis," he said, consolingly. "There are plenty more quinces at home, and to-morrow we'll make more green-gage preserve. I don't think the lions will come again." And he was right. They were too badly scared ever to come back. Here you see Tommynod and his lion."

Toodles examined the picture of Tommynod, the hunter, with slight interest. "I think Susietta was braver 'n he was," she said. "What became of the lion he shot?"

"Susietta made him a handsome Winter coat of the skin, and the meat she cut up into roasts, patties, steaks, stews, croquettes, chops and hash, which she cooked in paper bags as you see here. Oh, yes, and the lion's tail she used for a feather-duster."

"Uncle Jerry," said Toodles, very softly, "what kind of per-serves were they—really?"

"Apricot," said Uncle Jerry, firmly.

A DOG PRIMER.

By HENRY W. FISCHER.

WHY DO DOGS HOWL AT THE SOUND OF MUSIC?

Most probably because, in their wild state, they communicate with the members of the pack by howling. Howling at each other keeps wild dogs together. Accordingly, when nowadays dogs hear a noise they respond.

Whether they howl with pleasure or disgust at the music no one knows, for no one can look into the dog's soul.

Barking, by the way, is a noise not proper to the undomesticated dog; the wild species make different sounds. Maybe a dog's howling at the sound of music is the very sort of howl set up by his ancestors when traveling with the pack in their wild state.

WHY DO DOGS GROWL WHEN YOU TOUCH THEIR FOOD EVEN IN PLAY?

Because the dog was originally a ferocious animal, like the wolf, and self-preservation by way of food is his foremost and all-pervading instinct. Only dogs that are so near to humankind that they understand practical jokes allow their master to take away their food.

They will never allow another dog to do so unless living in abject fear of the robber.

WHY DOES THE GREYHOUND DIFFER FROM ALL OTHER DOGS?

Because his eyes are prominent, possessing extremely keen sight, while in the matter of scent he is proportionally deficient.

The greyhound must see his prey in order to find and kill it for himself or master, and does on account of his extraordinary swiftness, being able to outrun any game whatever.

Nature gave him length of limbs, a slender body and great power of endurance in running, but his nose is so fashioned that there is scarcely any room for the development of the nerves of scent. These, in the greyhound, are so closely bunched together they won't work. To make up, this particular dog of all dogs was fitted with these fine, keen, protruding eyes of mile-wide range.

When the greyhound spies an animal in the open country it's as good as his, for he gets after it in leaps and bounds and never loses sight of it until caught unless his prey has opportunity to conceal itself in a building or cavern. Then the greyhound is likely to lose it, for he cannot smell it out as other dogs with a broad, movable nose do.

WHY DO DOGS BARK AT THE MOON?

Because the moon is not always in evidence at night, and if so, not in its fullness. It's something out of the ordinary.

The full moon especially irritates the dog, because it impresses his eyes; whether it's far away or near, he doesn't know. All he knows is, that his nose remains unsatisfied.

Therefore, when you tie a dog during full moon he will strain at the chain. He wants to get at the moon—chase it, bite it, eat it.

There is a foreign saying to the effect: "The dog barks at the moon because he thinks it a piece of green cheese," which saying certainly bears out our own observations. A dog eyes anything that seems eatable curiously, interestedly; if he didn't he would starve in the wilderness. But before he eats he must smell; the article might be poisoned. He barks at the moon because it won't give his nose a chance.